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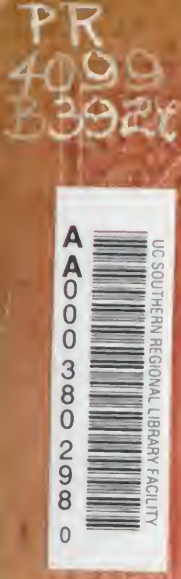

THE TONGUE A POEM

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THE TONGUE.

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THE TONGUE,

A Poem,

IN TWO PARTS.

BY

ALEXANDER BELL,

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION.

LONDON:

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PART FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The tongue—its functions. Hypocrisy assuming the phrase of virtue. Forensic tears. The cultivation of the vocal organs by the ancients; neglect of this in modern systems of education. Influence of the drama on national taste. Puling song opposed to manly sense. Appeal in behalf of the drama. Necessary qualifications for an actor. Comedy—Tragedy—Macready. The power of art. Genius, like precious metals in the ore, requires refinement. The pulpit—its duties demand the cultivation of the highest capacity for eloquence. Injurious effects of untutored delivery. Senatorial eloquence—a maiden speech. Brogues fully represented in Parliament. The power of music—its melody—its wanton irregularity. Music contrasted with poetry. A messenger of heaven.

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THE TONGUE.

PART FIRST.

PART FIRST.

O FAIN would I my humble voice assay
To sing of thee, the organ of the soul!
'Tis thou interpretest her secret aims,
Or craftily conceal'st them in thy words;
Her richest treasures are pour'd out by thee;
From thee her blessings, yea, her cursings, flow,
And thou her thoughts to sweetness turn'st, or gall:
Men's ears, to know her pleasure, list to thee;
By thee to her their hearts are strongly mov'd;

Thou best canst give her fitful passions sway,
For thou obey'st her in her changeful moods.

In these refin'd and literary days,
When the astounding press, tho' dumb, does speak
With potency of many thousand tongues,
A lay of thee may seem antiquely rude,
Fit only for remote and barb'rous times,
When men by manly sounds, much more than signs—
The tam'd expression of the glowing soul—
Were rous'd to gen'rous, or to daring deeds,
That stamp'd the patriot's, and hero's fame.
Still art thou worthy of the noblest strain,—
Would meeter mind had deem'd thee fit for song!—
For poesy and eloquence from thee
Best shew their heavenly origin—their charms—
Their power to call forth man's true nobleness,
And fit him for the bliss of higher spheres.

'Tis true, when mov'd by passion, e'en tho' skill'd
In literate refinements of the schools,—
For even grave and learned clerks can scold—
That thou art rough, uncouth, and truculent,
Louder than angry waves, yea more untam'd
Than fiercest animals that fright the wold;
But when the blandishments of polish'd life
Lay strong restraint upon thy wanton rage,
To courtesy thy rude extravagance
Is chang'd, or prudent silence sits on thee.

Ah! then how sweetly potent are thy tones,
When zeal, inspir'd by the Creator, tunes
Each lingual movement in His sacred cause!
When heavenly mandate on thee is impress'd,
To rouse, rebuke, or awe, the guilty world,
In thee are heard the thund'rings of the Lord.
Thus spoke the holy seers by God's command,
Tho' oft in vain, to the rebellious race.

Hypocrisy,—wrapt in her wily folds,
Wholly disguis'd from every human eye,
Well-seeming counterfeit of virtue's form,—
While prosecuting her astute designs,
Makes thee, bland tongue! the minion of her art,
And trains thee to her purposes of guile.
Hence venerable age, with heart corrupt,
In whining cant assuming virtue's phrase;
Hence, too, the race of sanctimonious rogues,
That lord in places high and worshipful;—
The rigid censurer of hapless wights,
Whom ignorance and poverty ensnare,
For fiends and fools fanatical to seize,—
The grave in aspect, and the lewd in act,
The practiser of crimes he punishes,
While he upholds the majesty of law—
And hence forensic knaves, who sell their sighs,
As witches Scandinavian do winds,
And regulate their pathos by their pay,—

PART FIRST.

The wigged Niobes, who melt in tears
When criminality and fees run high.
Thus, too, the ravings to the hustings' mob,
When the expecting placeman pawns his soul,
To make corruption tremble at her feasts,
E'en when she gorges on the public spoil:
And thus the Arch-Repealer, whom the dolts
Of greatly-gull'd Hibernia believe.

The learned Romans valu'd lingual power,
And taught, betimes, their youth the vocal art:
They wisely thought, that minds most vigorous,
Accomplish'd best to reason and decide
Aright in ev'ry state emergency,
To grace the forum, or conduct in war,
Could only dwell in animated frames
Rear'd in the feats of the gymnasium.

Our mod'rn sages train not thus their sons;

Not so seek they to give them strength; not thus
To rear in bodies musculous the mind.
We con the letter of the ancient lore—
Long dead, 'tis true, but lovely in its death—
We dwell enraptur'd on the polish'd page,
And form a dreamy vision of its power;
But fail to catch from the poor signs of thought,
Aught more than a faint spark of those bright fires
Which blaz'd in sounds of living eloquence,
When the grac'd orator his lightnings flash'd
Among the awe-struck and admiring crowd.
We listless hear from the quaint pedant's chair
The stagnant phraseology of schools;
And only trace in the poor drawler's tone
A soul more lumpish than his pond'rous theme.
The learned sexton presses with his lead
The volume in which spirits are entomb'd—
The master-spirits of a manly age.
Instruction sickens, and retires aggriev'd:

She shuns the school, to live in solitude.
The little minds resort to idleness,
Or fun, suppress'd by nicely-practis'd wiles,
To mitigate the burden of the hour;
But students of a contemplative mood
Are sad when they behold, in the dull man,
The very charnel-house of eloquence.

In Britain's catalogue of lib'ral arts,
The art of graceful speech has found no place:
The tongue, a hapless member of the frame,
Tho' leader universally employ'd
In high and low affairs, is left expos'd
To the contagion of a random lot.
The legs are taught with studied grace to move;
The foreign artiste gives them courtly gait;
The head sits on his throne with dignity,
Train'd duly to his high patrician place;
The arms are nicely balanc'd, to maintain

The harmony of motion in the dance;
And even sitting has its tutorage;
But the poor tongue no discipline controls;
Still, hapless, it is left to the assaults
Of mimic ignorance and ribaldry—
The clownish jargons, far and wide diffus'd,—
The howl and whine of rustic dialect,
And all the discords of corrupted speech.

Delivery refin'd now wanes apace:
Not thus it pin'd when our theatric taste
Maintain'd the drama as the lauded chief
Of merry England's national delights;
When Siddons flash'd the blaze of poesy
Around her Thespian throne, and to the stage
Bade royalty and learning homage pay!

The British senate gave reality
To the bright pictures of the mimic boards.

The ever-honour'd rivals, Pitt and Fox,
Led in debate the learned disputants,
With all the elegance of classic Rome.
Such was the magic of these mighty names,
Each state, admiring genius, own'd their pow'r,
And Britain's eloquence sway'd every heart,
As her bold navy triumph'd o'er the waves.
The acted drama, cherished, inspir'd
A polish'd utt'rance of the pointed phrase.
Even the bar with its dull precedents,
Its oft-reiterated dicta stale,
Its muddy phraseology entomb'd
In countless tomes, pile over pile, in line
That threatens to extend to crack of doom:
E'en the bewilder'd jargon of our courts,
In which our laws and rights are strangely mix'd
With dry anility that tires the sense,
Acquired something like a human sound,
Begot by emulation of the stage.

The orators, the purest in their style,
Disdain'd not then in their delivery
To borrow histrionic garniture,
And copy from the boards the practis'd grace
Which made the Kembles models of their art.
The pulpit, graceful in her sacred cause,
Fulfill'd her mission—surely to the ear,
The test most certain by which men can judge,—
Much better in our bright dramatic days.
The general ear, perverted by the drones,
Seeks nought beyond the modulated drawl
So often heard in wail of mendicants,
And crude declaimers at the tavern feasts.
The force of soul-impregned words to win
Men's minds and charm them to the speaker's aim,
Is rarely felt; the pow'r to stir men's hearts—
Unless in leaders of the mighty *Times*,
Or witty *Punch's* weekly drolleries—
In hopeless, heavy languishment declines;

PART FIRST.

And still this faint prostration will remain
While Britain's venerated sovereignty,
And nobles,—English to the very core,
Save their neglect of native, home-bred arts,
And lavish patronage of foreign airs—
Prefer exotics to our island plants;
The puling song to Britain's manly sense.

Nobles of England, can you see decay
Our fondly cherish'd kings' and people's pride,
The drama, rich indeed with varied stores
From the rare mines of many a gifted bard,—
The drama, once fair England's mind and soul,
The spirit of the past, upon whose stage
The mighty dead to make their virtues live,
Resuscitated, act their parts again,
Adorn'd in texture of immortal verse?
Can you behold her temples desolate,
Or desecrated by perverted taste,

Her votaries neglected as her fanes,
And sigh not as true patriots must sigh,
When you in melancholy ruins view
The lauded genius of your native land?
O, with a spirit worthy of your sires,
Rebuke at once the demon of decay,
And bid her temples flourish as of yore!

To give poetic life upon the stage
To the creations of the tragic muse—
To feel the poet's spell engross the soul,
Till she can wield the body at her will,
So that each corporal motion, look, and tone,
Becomes a reflex of the moving power,
And the whole man presents in the wrought scene
The embodied fiction the magician drew—
Is the large province of the actor's skill;
A region as extensive as the race
Of man, and varied as the transient modes

And fitful changes of his fleeting life.
Besides the versatility requir'd
In the display of histronic art,
The actor's tongue should thoroughly be train'd
So that he may enounce with skill refin'd
The author's meaning of the finish'd phrase.
His voice should speak the passion which he paints,
In accents grateful to a polish'd ear.
That the stage artiste rightly comprehend
In the minutest shade the part he plays,
His knowledge of the language should be deep;
The plain and figurative sense of words—
All that adorns the rhetorician's art—
Should be familiar to his active mind.

What claim presents the acted drama now
To public patronage?—Of Comedy,
And the eccentric sketches which of late
Have sometimes quicken'd dulness with the droll,

And plac'd all merit in a cap and bells,
We utter no complaint; the acting here
Is true, and quaint, and rich in touches natural,
When Wright, or Webster plays; but richer still
When Farren sheds his humour o'er the scene.
The farcical, and low in word and deed,
Or mawkish pathos in bad language dress'd,
Engross the nightly and the midnight stage;
For these, indeed, are to the empty crowd
Both apt and plainly comprehensible,
And by their insignificance fit well—
As soil to dustmen—players' little minds.

The painted passion of the tragic scene,
No longer claims the tributary tear.
Melpomene no more embodied weeps,
Save in Macready; he, sole votary,
Still stays th' offended goddess on our shore.

Macready, in thy classical displays
Are finely blended genius, study, art;
The scholar's richly letter'd mind is thine;
Thine, too, the stores of sound philosophy;
Thy plastic power transforms the poet's dream
To living pictures palpable to sense;
The pleasing shapes which ardent fancy drew
Of Hamlet, Lear, Othello, fell Macbeth,
In mimic scenes—while raptur'd crowds applaud
The drama's Prospero—are seen in thee,
With even more than their poetic grace.

Among the puny Thespians of the day
'Tis said that acting is intuitive,
And lights on men as the arch watchman* thought
Did reading—as a gift free nature grants,
And education would but spoil the boon.

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* Dogberry.—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

Instinctive mouthing, then, will fitly serve
The public taste and players' habitude.

Why should not acting rank 'mong lib'ral arts,
Since it employs the noblest faculties
Of mind—requires the rarest corporal grace?
Why is th' instructive business of the stage
Entrusted to the blind guide, ignorance?
Made subject, at the best, to pert caprice,
Or pseudo-management of vulgar minds?
Why should not art, all powerful art, that best
Arouses and directs man's energies,
Exalt the actor as the artizan?
She can give action, almost mind indeed,
To the inanimate and formless mass,
Can tame the elements, or in her might
Bid stern defiance to their blust'ring threats;
She may not hush the rudely roaring winds;
Or with her veto make the waves be still;

But she can hold her straight and onward course
When winds and seas in angry tempest join.
All nature yields obedience to her sway;—
The rebel player alone—poor simpleton!—
Trusting to instinct of his addled brain,
Can fret his little hour without her aid.

Like metals, even genius has ore,
And needs refinement by the tutor's care:
The base and earthy parts must be remov'd,
And particles of value made cohere,
By fusive processes of conqu'ring heat,
Ere from the mass, sublim'd, can be produc'd
The precious substance which the workman's skill
Shapes into jewels dazzling, rich, and rare:
Thus, too, the gifted, unrefinèd mind.
By education, tutor'd or self-taught,
Alone is poet, painter, player, form'd.
And truly sometimes he is train'd the best

Who by a native, heaven-inspirèd taste,
Can guide his mind the certain course to fame;
But he is pupil still, tho' to himself.
For students in each varied branch of art
Instruction special, practically nice,
To excellence is best and shortest road.

The sacred services in which the soul
Adores with awe the Power whence she sprung,
May well the culture of the tongue demand.
Alas! our solemn pulpits often show,
In the recital of the Book of Life,
How coldly even cordial subjects fall
From crude outpourings of untutor'd lips.
The lifeless page contains the word of God;
But pow'r to call the holy influence forth
Within the human voice alone resides.
In sounds confus'd, and heartless utterance,
The Scriptures lose their character divine.

The heavenly rays reach not the darken'd soul,
So thick the density of clouded speech;
Deaf is the cheated and offended ear,
And clos'd is ev'ry entrance to the soul.
The promises, the pains, the hopes, the fears,
Are lost in chaos of discordant noise.

O you who at God's holy altar tend—
Who are removèd from the grovelling herd
Of wrangling, trafficking, and sordid men,
To preach good tidings to the meek in soul—
To heal the contrite and the broken heart—
To set at liberty the slaves of sin—
To ope the prison doors—to wipe the tears
From sorrow's face, and comfort all that mourn:
Know you, ye men of God, your sacred charge?
Your feeble ministrations answer this.

The public execution of this trust

Can reach the heart,—if there it find the way—
But through the porches of the outward ear:
This organ is the minister of sound,
And trieth words as doth the mouth the food.
The vulgar speech performeth not aright
The soul's commands. To give her dictates breath,
To set them in the happy form of words,
Requires the laggard vocal parts well train'd,
Each pliant organ working in accord,
That she to rich expression may attune
The wonderful, complex machine, and make
The voice delightful to the charmèd sense.

Are, then, religion's cause, the hopes, the fears,
The destiny of man, the call of heaven,
Not worthy of man's highest, noblest pow'rs?
Are vulgar accents, utter'd with grimace,
And mumbling, stutt'ring, and ill-formèd sounds,
Deem'd good enough to do God's holy work?

Or are mankind so hungry for the truth,
So very thirsty after righteousness,
That, with the eagerness of appetite,
Though coarsely may be spread the sacred food,
Their famish'd souls will instantly devour?
Alas! their hunger craves forbidden fruit,
Their thirst indulges in unhallow'd streams.
The man of God must knock at stony hearts,
And bend the stubborn will, and make the soul
Awe-struck with deep conviction of its guilt.
For this the thunder of his eloquence
Will roll its threat'nings in the sinner's ear,
Till the reverberating peals arouse
The trembling fear which bends the feeble knees,
And melts the conscious rebel into prayer;—
"O thou who rul'st the tempest, hear and save!"
Then will the tones of sweetest melody
Allay the terrors of the startled mind,
And, mild as angels to the shepherds sung,
The messenger of God will whisper, peace.

The laws which regulate effect and cause
Must be suspended, ere a nasal drawl,
Words mutter'd, indistinct, uncouthly form'd
By fulsome evolutions of the tongue,
Can through the senses please the tasteful mind.
The ears are faithful servants of the soul;
And, like true lackeys, they refuse to bear
A message, in rude terms to them convey'd;
They must themselves by pleasant tones be won,
Before they bid their noble mistress hear.
As well might fields be fertiliz'd by drought,
Or arid sands produce the verdant grass—
As well might barren rocks and desert plains
Shoot forth and blossom like the fragrant rose—
As well expect the stagnant atmosphere
To waft our steamless navies o'er the main,—
The fix'd antipathies in unison,—
Frost heating as the agency of fire,—
As vulgar dulness move the soul refin'd.

PART FIRST.

The man who seeks to kindle in the breast
The flame that heav'nward burns, must fan the spark
With the enliv'ning breath of cordial love,
Attuning in his cause the vocal pow'rs,
Or else his labours are as idly vain
As his who beats the air and sows the wind.

The zealous pastor, knowing well his charge,
Would fain impress upon his hearers' hearts
The pious lessons which his love prepar'd.
He thinks, good man, to speak effectively,
He needs must bawl with all his strength of lungs;
And so he does: but soon he sorely feels
His keen display of zeal has cost him dear.
His voice, oft strain'd beyond its working power,
Will break down to decay the hardy frame,
And bend his active manhood to the dust.
No part of all his academic lore— [Rome,
Strange, too, when that is cull'd from Greece and

Who taught the vocal art with so much care—
Instructs him in the healthful use of breath.
The victim of his ignorance, he toils
Till faint with ill-directed energy.
His respiration labours while he speaks;
He feels the vital current's broken force;
The pulmonary tubes with wheezing pain
Inhale the atmosphere; small strength remains
To give to the oppressèd organs play;
The thorax loses its expansive pow'r,
Now burden'd with a fix'd afflictive load;
The germs of fell consumption deep are sown;
His usefulness is gone;—and hope is fled.
A voice untun'd, and desultory breath,
Will taint the springs of life. A paragraph,
Or period, deliver'd without skill,
Does violence to Nature's subtile strings;
May gender asthma and its fatal train,
And blight the buds which early genius shows.

To *read* the speeches of our senators
Is almost to believe that eloquence,
Resuscitated in her palmy state,
Among us reigns, e'en now, in gorgeous state.
The journal shows th' unjointed chat refin'd,
Condens'd, corrected, and arrang'd, to meet,
At early breakfast-table, ardent eyes
Of thousands eager for the morning news.
There is recorded how the tyro sped
In the deliv'ry of his maiden speech.
Thus: "Parliamentary intelligence.
"The honourable member for Thick-Polls
"We notic'd for the first time in the house."
Behold the virgin member in his place!
His mien expressive of the pride he feels
At being really in the envied seat,
As member for his native town, Thick-Polls.
Scarce knowing where he is, or how to look,
His wand'ring eyes upon all objects glance,

Yet dwell on none, so strange is all around.
The buzz of legislators is so strong,
It drowns the beating of his anxious heart.
Multum in parvo in the man you see!
The people's duodecimo, in calf,
Of Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights!
Exulting in his noble place—himself—
His patriotic feelings—the great fame
Of having all his speeches register'd
In the short-handed, but long-mem'ried page
Of Hansard's Parliamentary Reports!—
That *cloud of witnesses* 'gainst renegades,
Who dread quotations as the worst of duns.
This is the very climax of delight!
He knows and feels that he's the people's choice,
The fit and proper man to represent
The free constituency of Thick-Polls!
Good heav'n! Is he within the hallow'd walls
That heard the mighty Pitt and Fox declaim?

PART FIRST.

That listen'd to George Canning's classic wit?
That echo'd back "hear! hear!" and loudest cheers
When Harry Brougham in his manhood shone,
In days when in his tongue he put his heart,
And jump'd not then gyrations of *Jim Crow?*—
Alas! we see in him old Harry now!

O lucky Thick-Polls! thy elected view
Among the master-spirits of the age!
Where bold Sir Robert brains protectionists,—
Not with his lady's fan, but with peck-loaves,—
And turns his tariff to a penal rod
To thwack the breech of close monopoly.
Amazing honour for a mortal man!
His senses swim—his giddy brain spins round.
What he has done to merit this, dear soul,
He knows no more than did the loyal men
Who sent him from Thick-Polls to speak their mind.

He rises now, "hush, hush!" to charm the house.

The pillar of ten-pounders see! prick'd full
Of solemn pledges, like a pin-cushion,
To prop such measures as will give to all
Free trade, free bread, free '*baccy*, and free beer!
I wonder if there are reporters here:
Perhaps there is some smart "commissioner,"
Y-clep'd, *par excellence*, in journal-phrase,
"Our own reporter." Yes, yes; all's prepar'd.
There sits the *Times*' commissioner,—as grave
As Dan O'Connell when he takes the *rint*,—
And twenty spirits knowing as himself.
O bless'd event! the mighty tell-tale *Times*,
That rides upon the winds, and blows its news
In every place and face throughout the world,—
The *Times*, by the next post, shall bear abroad
A full report of my Lord Noodle's speech!
In gaping wonder will the words be read:—
"The honourable member for Thick-Polls,
"Thus, in a maiden-speech, address'd the house."

The tyro member towards the Speaker bows:
Unus'd to so much honour, his weak knees
Refuse to prop the dignity they bear;—
He staggers, almost falls, gasps wide for breath—
Into a handful squeezes now his hat.
To give him strength and power of lungs, he draws
Deep inspiration:—with one great effort
Clears his husky throat, and—"Mr. Speaker"—
Hush, hush! 'tis the new member speaks. "Hear! hear!"
These timely plaudits give him confidence;
He strokes his chin, and then again goes on:
"Sir, I—want—words—but words—not energy!"—
"Hear, hear!" and cheers from both sides of the house.
Embolden'd now, he tries the attitude
He long had studied for the nonce—left arm
A tea-pot handle forms—the right a spout.
"Sir, for the first time in my life,—I think—
"As I have said before—though wanting words—
"I am in every sense a patriot!

" Thus having spoken, sir, and to my mind,—
" And *all* the minds of those enlighten'd, free,
" And lib'ral men, who sent me here *to* speak—
" I only this can say.....I say no more."
Some orators may thank their stars, *as yet*
There is no patent to preserve their tones,
Or show in letter-press their strange patois—
Their heavy toil, as in sore travail's hour,
To bring the stale reiteration forth.
Unto the spruce reporter is assign'd
The task of pruning for the public taste.
He strips the language of its hums and ha's,
Its coughs, its hems, its many ups and downs.
Perhaps he gives it Lindley Murray tact;
For honourable members sometimes do
Mistake their cases nominative; nay, more,
Confound all cases, and their objects too.

Our senate-house like ancient Babel seems;

The learnèd builders of the laws would pile—
Like the presumptuous men of Shinar's land—
A legal tow'r, whose top may reach to heav'n,
And certainly perplex the sons of earth.
There such variety of accent reigns,
That not a brogue deforms our lady's tongue
From Dunnet-Head to Cornwall's rugged shore,
But finds its steady representative
In our respected and reformèd House.
The brogues the rare felicity enjoy
Of having their provincial rank maintain'd
By deputies, so zealous in their cause,
That ev'ry cause but theirs is oft forgot:
There needs no pledge to make *their* int'rest sure;
The house and hustings keep in perfect tune.

Language is poor, indeed, in sense, or force,
When words are nothing but mere breath; it lacks
The gaudy tricks which vagrant music tries

When she departs from simple melody,
To wander in extravagancies dire.
These wild displays, tho' puff'd and lauded oft
For rapid execution, or for taste,
Are artifices tawdry, fondly void—
The subterfuge of fiddlers lacking brains.

Music transports me with her wizard spell;
She from the present takes its bitterness,
And makes the past, with its departed joys,
Return to bless in fancy's vivid dream.
Oh! what can open mem'ry's stores like some
Remember'd air, a mistress, or lov'd sister,
Sung, when faces, sparkling as the morning-dawn,
Beam'd heart-felt pleasure round the winter's fire?
The wrinkled cheek, and hoary head, are chang'd
In the illusion to the hues of youth;
The dead come back, and mingle in the sports
That made the morn of life a holiday;

The tale, the laugh, the dance, the harmless wile,
In fond remembrances come o'er the mind,
Till the lov'd vision of our childhood's home
Beguiles to rapture the entrancèd soul.
O when the evil spirit comes on man,
And he would vainly struggle with his grief,
Music's soft strains, as gentle dews descend
Upon the thirsty earth, compose his mind,
And lull the soothèd spirit into peace!

Then give me music; not the wanton notes
That form their tingling and falsetto spires,
Impertinently on the cheated ear.
Sure none but gingling elves, and fashion's fools,
Can laud compounded and confounded noise,
And give it music's fascinating name.
Give me the natural and simple air,
The flowing notes of plaintive melody,

Which speak the language of the musing soul,
When words convey not her abstracted mood.

Is it in music's pow'r, when unallied
To poesy's more intellectual song,
To move the springs whence tender feelings flow,
Like the blind bard, denied the solar beams,
That he might bask in purer rays of heaven?
Can rarest beauties of unwedded airs
Pour such a flood of pathos o'er the mind,
As when he darkly sings of Zion Hill,
And sweetly wails privation of that light
No sun, nor changeful season, ever brings?

Can simple music bid the passions rage,
In all the flashings of their lightning play,
Like the immortal verse of Shakspeare's muse?
Can music storm and rave like frantic Lear?
Move terrors as the wretched father's curse?

Excite our pity like the poor old man
Expos'd, bareheaded, to the tempest's ire?
Could voice, or note of stringèd instrument,
Or any channel of the dulcet sound,
Convey such woe as when the agèd king
Deplores his injur'd daughter dead, and bids
Undo the ligature, that his griev'd soul
May quit its bursting tenement of clay?

Say, could mere music fling its playful wit
With the bland archness of a Rosalind?
Can it, like Hamlet, blend philosophy
With the deep feeling which o'erpowers the man?
Could it the very source of humour ope,
Like the fat knight of Gadshill memory?
Can it the madden'd brain of jealousy
Portray, in all the phases of blind rage,
Like the much-loving and abusèd Moor?
Can music spread fix'd horror round, as when

The Thane of Glamis—coward in his crimes—
"Has done the deed" upon the sleeping king?

Such are the functions of pure poesy,
When genius touches with its holy fires
The ardent souls of heaven-appointed bards.
The evanescent sounds which music vaunts,
Pass o'er the mind as winds irregular
Strike the Eolian chords. The fitful notes,
Indeed, are passing sweet, and ravish oft
With flash aerial of fantastic joy;
But, as the moonbeams on the waters play
And leave no trace upon the mirror'd deep,
So vanishes light music's lovely dream.

Say, what is now the fashion-favour'd strain,
Which Britain's beauty and high chivalry
Delight to practise and to patronize?
The flippant variation, where the air

PART FIRST.

Is lost in rapid, noisy labyrinth;
As if the feline race in chorus join'd
Their congregational and social yells.
The freaks of fing'ring, and mad fiddle-dee,
Take full possession of the ears polite,
Tho' as offensive to the angry sense,
As were St. Dunstan's pincers to the nose
Of the arch-foe of harmony and peace.

While countless arts society adorn,
And, with sleights magical, supply
The cravings of capricious luxury,
The art of speech—the music of the tongue—
Commands few votaries. The reign of song,—
The mere effeminacy of the mind,—
Is undisturb'd in our weak, piping times.
The voice articulate, with sweetness tun'd
To vibrate with the feelings' varied play,
Alone reveals th' emotions of the soul.
The eloquence refin'd, by this display'd,

Marks the possessor on the road to fame.
He, certes, practising this sacred art
In truth, religion, virtue's holy cause,
Shall from above bear patent of his worth;—
The purest guerdon which a man can own,
And meed awarded to the chosen few
Who use aright the highest gifts of heav'n.

'Tis thus the messenger of God prepares
To do the duties of his sacred trust:
Within he feels the spirit which inspir'd
The gifted seers, commission'd from on high,
On mighty errands of the Lord of Hosts.
The Scripture registers their holy words;
But cultur'd voice alone conveys the zeal
Which proves their mission was indeed divine:
"Hear, O ye Heavens, and O thou Earth, give ear;
"The Lord Himself hath spoken unto men!"

END OF PART FIRST.

PART SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Articulation peculiar to man. The articulative organs: the lips, the teeth, the tongue; their irregularities. Vital and vocal respiration. Language is wholly artificial:—its beginning; its progress. Graceful delivery is not intuitive, but the result of a process of art. The causes of corrupted speech. Deformity of the features produced by unskilful utterance. A finishing school. A lady reading. Stammering:—methods for its cure; surgical operations for its eradication mere delusion. Uvulas and tonsils sent to Sir James Graham, to assist him in amending medical studies. The effects of good reading compared to the rays of the Sun irradiating a landscape. Conclusion.

THE TONGUE.

PART SECOND.

MERE voice is common to the brutes as man;
Articulation marks the nobler race;
This is produc'd by wond'rous agency
Of the intelligent and active soul,
Which moulds the breath that has the life sustain'd
And makes it act on mechanism nice,
Which speaks her feelings and aspirings high.

The vocal frame may be distinguish'd thus:
The sounding,—and articulative parts.

PART SECOND.

The organs of the latter kind are these:
The lips, the teeth, the palate, and the tongue.
In regulated speech, the labial parts
In graceful drap'ry hang around the teeth,
As curtains ornate at the door of voice.
The motion of the lips supplies the lungs
With strength to put the vocal set in act.
This action, necessary to the speech
As breath to vital pow'r, should be perform'd
With ev'ry feature of the face preserv'd
In the calm, beauteous lines, which nature paints.
Extraneous movement is with care eschew'd,
For mouthing is repulsive to the sense,
Chief source of rude deformity, whence spring
Grimace, contortion, and each vice of speech.
Delight irradiates the lips with smiles,—
The haughtiness of scorn is there portray'd,—
Anger convulses them with inward fires,—
And here contempt enthron'd defies the world.

PART SECOND.

The teeth in act divide the streams of air
Into the complicated parts of speech;
The dental functions guide the vocal breath,
And give accession of pulmonic strength.
The soul upon the ivory pillars shines
In sportive gleamings of her cheerfulness;
Laughter exposes them; and anger fierce—
Such as rude life displays—will set them hard:
Thus are the surly grinders often shown
Of two ex-chancellors in hot dispute.

The tongue—prime agent which reveals the soul
In all her playful, wildest, maddest moods—
When truth and reason regulate its acts,
Asserts man's claim to rank as mundane lord.
O wonderful the might for good or ill
Resides within this little member's frame!
Slander's fell poison lurks upon the tongue—
Devotion's strains attune its action bland:

Love, hate, hope, fear, peace, war, nay, life and death,
As passion overbears, predominate
And bend the fickle changeling to their sway.

When rightly act the complex vocal parts,
The lingual range is wholly palatal.
The strokes on this sonorous canopy,
Give purest sounds that please the practis'd ear.
Sometimes th' obtrusive lips and teeth usurp
The lingual functions; while the sluggish chief—
Like languid glutton, being surfeit-cramm'd,
Preferring oscitant repose to work,—
Grovels between the jaws in fulsome rest.
At times, unruly beyond all restraint,
The tongue will e'en o'erleap the labial bounds,
And gambol evolutions which deform
To loathing both the features and the voice.
When early discipline has given no check
To these disgusting and fantastic tricks,

PART SECOND.

Habit, still strongest upon little minds,
Confirms them so they will not brook control.

Two processes the casing air sustains,—
Vitality and speech. The vital stream,
Inhal'd by nostrils, enters to the lungs,
To act upon the blood and springs of life.
The vital process done, the breath escapes
By the same passage which it took at first.
These motions nature regulates, for she
Trusts not the preservation of the race
To acts which idleness, or want of care
In man, may oft neglect, or leave undone.
But voice articulate, refin'd and clear,
Another act of respiration claims,
Which even lib'ral nature teaches not.
Thus works the fluid atmospherical,
When it is made subservient to speech:
The life-preserving processes achiev'd,

The breath then plays upon the vocal chords,
As it recedes from the refreshèd lungs.
No state of inspiration can do this;
Words salutary, grateful to the ear,
By expiration only can be form'd.
This is *the secret* of the speaker's art,
The golden rule for eloquence and health.
The use of this begets both strength and ease,
And makes the mental and corporeal powers
Cooperate in mutual harmony.

Language, both in its structure and its sounds,
In prose, or stately verse, is wholly art.
By man, for his convenience, was it fram'd;
At first in social state to speak his wants,
To praise the fair, or tell the loves he felt.
When observation and maturer time
Led him to meditate upon himself—
The varied beauties so profusely shed—

PART SECOND.

Earth's bounties—the nocturnal moon so fair—
By day the splendours of the glorious sun—
The seasons regular in changeful round—
And sparkling grandeur of the starry skies;
These, strange, and bounteous, marvellous to man,
Excited in him wond'ring gratitude.
He sought at length beyond the astral sheen
For authors of this vast magnificence,
To whom he might pour out his heart, surcharg'd
With burthen of the thanks and praise he ow'd
For goodness tasted, and for greatness seen.
The kind Creator, pleas'd to see that man,
Had he but signs to tell his glowing mind,
Would yield the willing homage of his soul,
Then touch'd his grateful heart with heavenly fires,
And made him fluent in enraptur'd song.
Thus got he subjects for his in-born power;
All nature furnish'd images of thought,
And words increas'd as things familiar grew.

So he to language turn'd the breath of life,
And still improves it with an artist's skill.

Delivery, too, is art; whether it be
To read, or speak, or pompously declaim.
The simple or the energetic style
Must be acquir'd, and kept within the bounds
Which nature recognizes as her own.
She, never willing that her favour'd sons
Should waste in idleness their fleeting hours,
Or gain distinction not by labour won,
Has only organs given for speech; their use—
O wise the dispensation that forbids,
As enemy to man, degrading sloth!—
Is but another subject for his skill
And care assiduous in tasteful art.
Such study calls forth all the latent force
Of fancy, or of genius—the germs
Of poesy—devotion's holy zeal—

And contemplations lofty as that home—
The Father's house—to which the soul aspires.
He, then, who spurns, or, indolent, neglects,
The pleasing task of highly-gifted minds,
Is, self-confess'd, unworthy of the place
Which heaven assign'd him on the social scale.
This noble study mind and matter share,
And each the other aids by powers enlarg'd.
The cause is worthy of the man entire,
The blended act of body and of soul.

A malformation of the vocal parts
Is rare; tho' members which enunciate
Are prone, from gross and ignorant abuse,
To much disorder and impediment.
The sluggish tongue protrudes between the teeth,
So that the fulsome lisp offends the eye,
And most uncouthly comes upon the ear.
The teeth and lips, in uninstructed speech,

PART SECOND.

Oft take the lingual movements, and produce,
By usurpation, much deformity.
The burring R, will vibrate in the cheeks,
Or, with a childish fondness, make the lips
His regular, tho' very rude, retreat.
The consonants change places very oft;
Like rival politicians in the state,
Each striving hard to turn the other out.
The nose, when gen'ral anarchy prevails,
Assays with might to drag both M and N
Into his grunting, snivelling servitude;
The T and D each other fiercely bite,
Till C or K usurps the seat of both.
These elements in giddy maze are mix'd,
And know not where to stay the rushing breath.

The vowels—soul of melody in speech—
Are rudely forc'd from their deep mellow seat,
And harshly broken on the dental range.

The breath confus'd, not knowing where to find
An outlet, the elastic cheek distends,
Works up the features in tempestuous heave,
And makes such strange, fantastic shapes,
As many of our players and preachers show.
Town-criers—yea, the drawling parish-clerks,
Are by their betters marvellously out-mouth'd.

This strange confusion of the elements
Of language much delivery deforms,
But injures more the features passing fair
Of Britain's lovely maids in "Finish" placed,
To learn the graces from some ancient dame—
The tender spring in winter's gelid care.
Behold the female pedant—turn'd three score :
The unsolicited of all mankind ;
The dread of all to whom young love is dear.
If social passions e'er did move her breast,
They long have been extinct ; the trunk alone,

Attenuated, sour'd by time, remains.
She exercises her duenna sway
Without a generous feeling, or a heart
In which aught genial can lodge : yet she—
As gaolers are selected—is preferr'd
As stern improver of the gentle sex.
A single growl from this cerberean scold
Will make the youthful blood run cold with fear.
An awful croaker in theology—
She settles knotty and disputed points
So cleverly would make a bishop stare.
With zeal detesting speech vernacular,
She nibbles at three foreign languages,
As sickly mice gnaw at a Glo'ster cheese ;
But understands as little of their lore
As these small deer can know of honesty.
Much learning has she as a pepper-box
Contains of piquant powder; just enough
To make one feel th' outlandish spice o'erheats,

PART SECOND.

Not relishes, the wholesome English fare.
To keep up something like a home connection,
She culls from Pinnock's useful pennyworths—
Gleanings of history catechetical,
To form a patch-work of epitomes,
With which to cover ignorance, and show
That English reading is not quite forgot.
A serviceable cunning can supply
The place of knowledge. Boldly she confronts
All opposition of a dang'rous kind,
And rails down merit with a venom'd tongue.
Hypocrisy—as deep as is the well
Where truth is hid, in her is close conceal'd
As is the goddess in the spring profound.

Such is the Malaprop to whom the fair,
Illustrious oft in fortune and in birth,
Are recklessly consign'd—to be mistaught,
To mumble and to jabber tongues unknown,

And spend abortively their precious time.
But there are ladies—England's dearest pride—
Who give the vigour of informèd minds,
To deck their pupils with each varied grace
That ev'ry useful, lib'ral art, can yield;—
Who watch the female blossom as it dawns—
Who set to virtue all the infant shoots,
And shelter them from ever-threat'ning blights,
Until the early fruits appear to bless
The parents' hearts, and realize each prayer,
In the accomplish'd maids, and happy wives.

See beauty, fairer still by filial love,
The minister of ease to waning life!
The aged sire, his sense of vision lost,
In darkness sits, his grandchild by his side.
His eyes no more can view corrupted earth,
Which has for him one only blessing left.
His mental sight is that of trancèd souls,

That range in joys the eye ne'er saw, the ear
Ne'er heard, nor hath the heart of man conceiv'd.
His thoughts are now in heaven; and all he loves
His fancy pictures in that region too.
He, in his rapt imagination, sees
His child—the cherish'd daughter of his heart—
Smiling benignly 'mong the blessèd choirs.
The lovely Angelina, now his life,
Was orphan relict of an only son,
Who, with'ring ere his manhood's prime, had sunk
With her he lov'd, into an early grave.
The solitary man, to whom the world,
With all its vanities, had disappear'd,
Found in this child his only earthly bliss;
She, self-devoted, knew no other care
Than this—the comfort of her aged sire.
She reads the word of God. O sweet and low
The tuneful softness of her mellow voice!
'Tis God's own instrument reveals His will.

O richer far are its harmonious notes
Than stringèd harp, or dulcet lute, or reed,
Or aught of art musician's skill could frame;
More captivating to the charmèd ear
Than were the fabled strains of Orpheus' lyre!
Her attitude—her air—is simple grace.
Upon her lips, and in her features, beams
Intelligence, with modesty combin'd.
Her respiration, undulating, flows
In sounds salubrious. Each lineament
Is placid on the mind-illumin'd face.
The emanations from the love divine
So radiate the ever-hallow'd page,
That heav'nly truth unclouded shines, as when
The blessèd Jesus openèd his mouth.
While thus engag'd, the pious maiden seems,
In figure and in deed, of those bright forms
That sometimes deign'd to visit holy men,
And cheer them in their heavy pilgrimage.

PART SECOND.

Afflictive most of all the vocal ills
Is stammering. This cruel malady
Not only preys convulsive on the frame,
In its harsh struggle for conceived sound,
But agitates the nerves, infects the brain,
And spreads, like guilt, a terror o'er the mind.
The soul, imprison'd by impediment,
Can find no egress to her ardent thoughts;
In anguish, soundless, they again return,
And settle round her in a dumb despair.
No social hour that heaven allots to man
Can shed a joy around the suff'rer's heart;
Converse he shuns; the poor afflicted one
In silence pines, and mourns his hapless fate;
And since he cannot speak the glowing things
He fain would breathe in words, he wastes his breath
In solitary sighs, and weeps alone.

This state so piteous, and, alas, not rare,

Cries shame upon the learning which at once
Is great in useless trifles and conceits,
But mainly ignorant how vocal air,
When skilfully directed in its course,
Can give th' obstructed organs fluent play.
The art to counteract this malady
Is little known. The process curative—
Whatever empirics and mountebanks may vaunt—
Is by the culture of the parts for speech
To literary and colloquial use.

The learned faculty, however fain
To vindicate their honour, and preserve
Their legal standing from imputed fraud,
In the irregularities of speech
Have neither skill, nor right, to interfere;
Sly quack'ry then finds scope for all its tricks;
Charms, drugs, and herbs from many simples cull'd,
Specifics brought from realms beyond the sea;

PART SECOND.

Machines such as the wise Chinese employ
To regulate the female gait; the spell
Of some euphonious words enounc'd with care,
As "Doctor Tucker," "Round the rugged rocks,"
Or "Peter Piper pecking at the peas."*
But these are sadly stale and vulgar cheats,
And still unwhipp'd of justice, for the knaves,—
"The practisers of arts inhibited,"—
Secure themselves from punishment condign
By oaths which bind the poor unhappy dupes
To solemn silence. Thus the pick-purse rogues
Defraud the stern Old Bailey of his dues,
And Norfolk Island of some fetter'd gangs.

Late came a waddling tribe from Surgeon's Hall,
To scare the goslings by their louder quack.

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* These are a few of the specifics which are employed by quacks for the eradication of stammering.

The venerable hall incurs no blame;
For wholesome bodies oft are gen'rative
Of wens, foul tumours, and excrescences.
We never can impugn the noble stems
From which exude the salutary streams
Which spread in healthful currents o'er the land.

Exult, O science, in thy new allies!
Gas, steam, balloons, the railways' lightning speed,
Fierce Captain Warner's own explosive bomb,
Whose force would sink a navy at a bang;—
The windy Reid who blows both hot and cold,
July and chill December in a puff—
The lunar club for outcast patriots—
To thy recorded triumphs now add this,—
A goose and lancet make the dumb to speak!

The doughty deeds by surgery achiev'd,
Are blazon'd in the journals of the day.

Wide spreads the wonderful discovery,
And soon the bounce a gen'ral credence gains;
Why should it not? Would lies appear in print?
A rumour of the marvellous exceeds
Ten thousand times the force of simple truth.
Asses have spoken—many still can talk;
Cackling in season, once sav'd mighty Rome.

From far and near afflicted stamm'rers come;
Their anxious hearts beat high with cherish'd hope.
Much is the wonder—much the vulgar stare,
Among a gaping crowd, to see, indeed,
Bethesda's scenes in sinful days renew'd.
"The best o' cut-throats" brandishes aloft
His lancet bright, in argument more keen,
More cutting in its course than fiery speech
Of Radical, when he the charter moves,
Or sturdy Leaguer, when his blood is up
At the ascending prices in Mark-lane,

Or an incens'd attorney when he finds
He cannot cage a man for nineteen pounds;
Or an attorney-general enrag'd,
Whose mind is prim'd, yea and percussion-capp'd,
And who his pistols wields for pleas in law.

Your medical is smart to a degree,
If he a licence have to follow game,
Or gain,—the terms are quite synonymous.
He, a true sportsman, brings his patients down
And keeps them so—the object of his sport.
He, too, can hit his quarry on the wing,
Because 'tis in his bond, to "kill, kill, kill!"

O mark the march—the strides, of intellect,
The raising of the wind by stirring brains,
The pressure of the poor-rates, and the calls
For Peel's state medicine—the pocket purge,
The strategy of the united powers
Of steel and brass, in fortune's hour of need!

PART SECOND.

O Sheridan the bright, O Burke sublime,
John Walker, with thy rules beyond all rule,
Stutt'ring Demosthenes with pebbles mouth'd,
Tonsure half done to keep thee from the light
When thou didst beat thy pate about the cave;
Long-winded Pitt—sarcastic Charlie Fox—
George Canning, with thy grace and polish'd wit—
A set of plodding simpletons you were;
You took much pains to learn the art of speech;
You should, instead, have taken *medicine*.

Mark how th' obstructed tongue gets fluency:
The stutt'ring patient 's seated in a chair,
And thus made handy for the gory man.
One who could drink hot blood stands by with dish
To catch in time the rushing, purple stream.
The "little member 's" tam'd for once; press'd down,
Like raving madman bound within his cell,
That thus the cunning man may see his way

To cut and come again—to cut again.
He stares into the ill-assorted mouth;—
His eyes examine well the prostrate tongue;—
The coast is clear; in cabman's phrase—"all's right."
Presto! Whack, whack!—Behold the stammer's gone.
The standers-by exclaim,—"O, wonderful!
Was ever man like this! He's sent! Inspir'd!"—
The operator thus:—"Now, gentlemen,
Your looking eyes behold that this is *done!*"—
So are the patients, as they soon shall know.
"This triumph surgical ne'er seen before!"
He calls upon the newly-loosen'd tongue
To give a specimen of franchisement:—
"Now, sir, rise up and boldly speak my skill;
Then say, could school or college e'er match this?"

The patient rises, pale as Banquo's ghost,
And wildly stares, and shakes his gory locks.
"Say, sir, are you well?"—"Y-y-y-e-s s-s-s-ir,
b-b-b-better now!"

PART SECOND.

" Ladies and gentlemen, tho' now he speaks,
And *rather* hesitates, confusedly,
The cure is certain."—All the dupes again,
In chorus for the miracle perform'd,
Exclaim—in ecstacies—" O, wonderful!"

[*The operator calling off to an assistant.*]

" Ho, Mr. Cackler! Patients ready there!
Now bring them up by twenties at a time."

The sanguinary work goes on; the parts
Which the Creator wisely form'd for speech
Are hack'd and mangled with a frantic zeal;
The fragments of the lacerated mouths
Are shewn in triumph to the wond'ring crowd,
Who marvel much that superfluities
In man's construction are but now expos'd,
And only for the first time science-prun'd!

"O woe! the aches and ills we had escap'd,
Had skilful surgeons plann'd the human frame!"—
This rare collection of cut uvulas
And tonsils, pickled in transparent jars,
No doubt will be preserv'd as relics dear
Of ignorance medicinally blaz'd,
And sent to Graham, when he next assays
To strangle rampant humbug by a bill.

The things which are all ears and meet all eyes,
The imps of fame that round the welkin run,
The tidings tell from east to occident,
And laud the proud effects of surgery,—
The wondrous science of this wondrous age—
The safety of an *educated* leech!
Lists of the *perfect* cures are sent abroad;
And all but stammerers *who have been cur'd*
Can praise in words the very learnèd skill
Shown by the gory elocutionists.

PART SECOND.

The giant pow'r of native eloquence,
Tho' now it slumbers in its letter'd folds,
Will wake invigorated by repose,
Stretch to activity its freshen'd limbs,
And, wielding round its renovated strength,
Will drive the owlish gluttons from the fanes,
The hallow'd temples which their sloth defiles.
The eyes which dulness closes then will see,—
The ears which stale monotony impedes,
Will open to instruction's charmèd sounds—
And heav'n upon the happy change will smile.
The mammon-worshippers who grind the poor,
And gather hoards from rags and Lazarites,
Who reap their harvests from the cursèd soil
Water'd by widows' and by orphans' tears,
Soul-struck, they will their evil deeds proclaim,
And even bear to see the wretched bless'd.
The motley scenes society presents—
The gaudy rich—the squalid poor—pomp—vice–

Fashion's parade—famine's pale face—debauch—
Disease—contemptuous pride—brute ignorance,
And all the monster evils which proceed
From penury and wealth—will then be chang'd.
This fabric, bas'd on misery, will pass
As does remembrance of a troubled dream;
And man will wonder when he wakes to truth,
How strange, how fierce, the frenzy of his brain,
And thank his God delirium has pass'd!
The noxious weeds remov'd, this goodly sphere
Will yield the fruits, HEALTH, COMPETENCE, and PEACE.
Man then in man a brother's face will see,—
Joy in his brother's joy—grieve when he mourns;
And, dwelling thus in interchange of love,
The human family, with grateful hearts,
Will share the bounties which their Father sends.

The human voice is man's immortal part
Made audible. The habitant of clay—

PART SECOND.

As are the winds of heaven—unseen is heard.
The tongue reveals, or else conceals her moods.
The generous in soul are free in speech;
The rancorous, in language are confus'd;
The noble mind is in expression pure;
The sordid, still in utterance is mean.

The form of words by any signs display'd,
Dimly portrays, and frigidly transmits,
The vivid thoughts, with varied feelings fraught,
Conceiv'd within the brooding mind of him
Who finds his inspiration in his theme.
'Tis as a landscape but obscurely seen;
A meagre outline only meets the view;
The tow'ring hills—the verdant vales—the groves—
The fields enamell'd—smoothly gliding streams—
The forest waving to the wanton breeze—
The charms of sweetly mingled light and shade—
And tints that decorate the gay parterre,—

Are lost till sun-beams give them to the eye
In all their native loveliness array'd.

'Tis thus with language when not read with skill:
The settled darkness of the vulgar sounds
Conceals each emanation of the soul.
The tutor'd tongue—e'en as the solar rays
Dispel the thickness over nature spread—
Gives all the mental beauties to the ear,
Stamps them with feeling and eternal truth,
And makes them treasures in the hearers' minds.

O that the pastors of the erring flocks
Knew, piety and taste may be allied;
That e'en the Book of Life is dumb until
The tunèd voice can pour the latent strain,
And bear it, in its sacred, thrilling pow'r,
To awe, or soothe the trembling sinner's soul!
Who would not wish to hear the holy page

PART SECOND.

As Siddons read the bard of Avon's verse?
The hearer then, by lucid truth subdu'd,
Must in the reader feel the man of God,
And, with the infant prophet's zeal, exclaim,—
"Thou callest, and Thy servant heareth Thee"!

O Thou from whom to sons of men descend
Each good and perfect gift, into our hearts
Shed light which far transcends Thy solar beams,—
The light that shows Thy will, and guides to Thee!
Touch Thou our lips with fire! Be on our tongues,
Made meet by Thee, as dearly-cherish'd themes,
The hallow'd praises of Thy holy name!
May words of strife—of evil speaking, cease;
And be our thoughts and speech approv'd by Thee.
The pow'r to plead the poor man's cause confer;
To urge his claims to eat the daily bread
Which Thou, beneficent Creator! send'st.
O make us ever strong in the defence

Of innocence abus'd! The widow's plea
O hang around our hearts! The fatherless—
The outcast children of calamity—
O give them shelter in fraternal love!
To pity melt the stony hearts of men,
And make benevolence fill all the earth,
As waters do the channels of the deep.

THE END.

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ELOCUTION.

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF VOCAL AND EXPRESSIVE DELIVERY

BY

MR. ALEXANDER BELL,

(Professor of Elocution),

No. 58, UPPER NORTON STREET, PORTLAND PLACE.

"Nature but organs gives for eloquence;
She leaves their culture to her handmaid, Art.
If thou wouldst use aright the boon of speech,
Take pains to cultivate the faculty
Which stamps thee lord of all the tribes of earth,
And ranks thee with the high existences"

Elocutionary Instructions

Comprise the Use and Discipline of the Vocal Organs—Systematic Respiration—the Principles of Articulation—Modulation of the Voice—Practical Eloquence from the Bible, the Liturgy, Milton, Shakspeare, &c., and the principles of appropriate Gesture.

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*** *The New Testament with the text of the Common Translation arranged in Paragraphs, and illustrated by Rhetorical Punctuation (dedicated, by Permission, to her Majesty the Queen Dowager); the Practical Elocutionist; and a Treatise on the Causes and Cure of Stammering, &c. by Alexander Bell, Professor of Elocution, may be had of the Booksellers*

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